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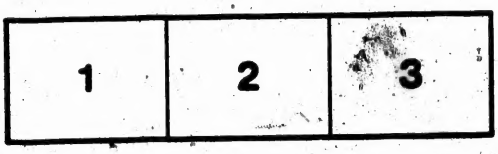

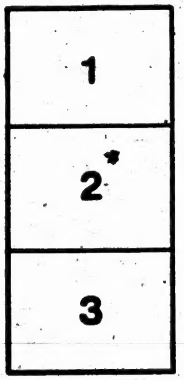

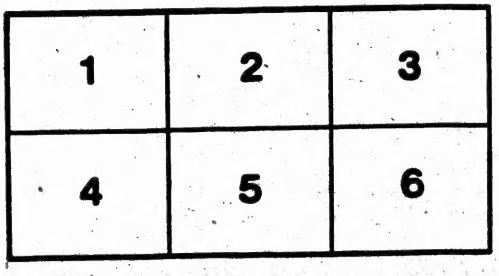

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A PASTORAL LETTER

FOR

THE LENT OF MDCCCLI.

ADDRESSED TO THE CLERGY AND LAITY OF

THE DIOCESS OF HALIFAX,

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND DOCTOR WALSH,

BISHOP OF HALIFAX.

Istos ergo atroces quondam inimicos nostros, pacem et quietem nostram variis violentiarum et insidiarum generibus grabiter infestantes, si sic contemneremus et toleraremus, ut nihil omnino quod ad eos terrendos ac corrigendos valere posset, excogitaretur et agitaretur a nobis, vere malum pro malo redderemus. Non omnis qui parcit, amicus est; nec omnis qui verberat inimicus: et melius est cum severitate diligere, quam cum lenitate decipere. Qui phreneticum ligat, et qui lethargicum excitat, ambobus molestus, ambos amat. S August Ep. 48 Vincent.

Nunc igitur si Nominis odium est, quis nominum reatus? Quæ accusatio vocabulorum, nisi si aut barbarum sonat aliqua vox Nominis, aut maledicum aut impudicum. Oditur ergo in hominibus innocuis etiam Nomen innocuum. O impiæ voces, O Sacrilega convicia, infrendite, inspumate! Tertull. Apol. adv Gentes.

BIBLIOTHEQUE
S.M.E.
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Atque adeo quasi præfatus hæc ad suggillandam odii erga nos publici iniquitatem, jam de causa innocentiæ consistam, nec tantum refutabo, quæ nobis objiciuntur, sed etiam in ipsos retorquebo qui objiciunt. Tert. Apol.

WILLIAM, **By the Grace of God**

And the favour of **The Apostolic See**

BISHOP OF **HALIFAX.**

To the Clergy and Laity of the Diocess of Halifax :

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—

It is the duty of those "whom the Holy Ghost has appointed Bishops to rule the Church of God" (1) to watch, with unceasing solicitude, over that portion of the flock of Christ which is committed to their care, and to contribute, both by word and example, to the salvation of those precious souls, for which they will have to render an account, one day, to the Sovereign Judge of the living and the dead. This grave, and formidable obligation, always present to our mind, presses upon us with peculiar force, at a time like this, when we are about to commence, with the universal Church, that Holy Season of Penance and Prayer which will "cleanse our consciences from dead works to serve the living God" (2) and purify our souls for the worthy celebration of the greatest of all Christian Festivals, the Glorious Resurrection, from the tomb, of Our Lord and Saviour. The hallowed season of mercy is now approaching—the days of salvation are at hand—the gracious time of forgiveness is nigh—our redemption is nearer than we believed—and another opportunity is happily afforded us, of returning to the bosom of our offended Father, and of making our peace with Heaven. At a moment so critical for the welfare of his flock, if the Pastor were silent, should he not apprehend the fearful judgments pronounced against the unfaithful shepherds of Israel, whom the Lord reproached by the mouth of the Prophet Ezechiel (3) :—"Wo to the shepherds of Israel..... Should not the flocks be fed by the shepherds ? But my flock you did not feed. The weak you have not strengthened, and that which was sick you have not healed : that which was broken you have not bound up, and that which was driven away you have not brought again ; neither have you sought that which was lost." Bear with us, therefore, Dearly Beloved Brethren, whilst urged by the charity of Christ, and alarmed for your salvation as well as our own, we lift up our voice "as a trumpet" to proclaim the enormity of sin, the insecurity of life, the certainty of Judgment, the horrible punishments of the sinner who "falls into the hands of the living God," and the consequent necessity of speedy and effectual Repentance. In the discharge of our pastoral duty, we desire, with our whole heart, to feed the hungry, to strengthen the weak, to heal the sick, to bind up the broken, to bring back again that which the enemy hath driven away, and to seek after the sheep that is lost. Relying not on our own weakness, but fortified by the divine promises of Him, whose unworthy Representative we are, and who exhorts you through our humble voice, we call upon you, in the name and authority of Jesus Christ, your future Judge, "to put off the old man with all his acts, and be clothed with the new ;" to cast off the works of darkness and put on the 'armour of light ;' to apply 'the axe to the root' of your vicious inclinations ; to 'bring forth fruits worthy of penance ;' to abandon 'the husks of swine' and return to the delicious plenty of your Father's house ; to feed your hungry souls with the 'word of life' and the sacrament of love, so that your weakness may be removed, your diseases healed, your broken hearts bound up, and your souls again established in all the security of that blessed peace, which is the foretaste of heaven. Prepare yourselves, without delay, for the 'acceptable time,' and by a sincere conversion to the Lord your God, 'in fasting, and in weeping, and in mourning,' (4) give joy to the Angels in heaven, and afford the most precious of all consolations to the hearts of those on earth, who labour and pray for your salvation.

The Great Fast of Forty Days, upon which we are about to enter, is 'of divine authority, and not of human invention.' (5) It has received the solemn sanction of the Holy Apostles, and the first heralds of the Gospel (6). It has been recommended and proclaimed, as a general law of the Church, in every age from the Apostolic times, and in every country which has received the Faith of Christ. Fasting, mortification and penance, at all times salutary, at every season an assured remedy, and in many instances prescribed by the Divine Law itself, as the necessary weapons of victory in the great Christian warfare, are now commanded by the Church under the griev-

(1) Acts x. 28. (2) Heb. ix. 14. (3) XXXIV. 2. 4.

(4) Joel ii. (5) Quod quadraginta diebus jejunamus, non humana inventio, sed auctoritas divina est.—*St. Peter Chrysolog. Sem* 11.

(6) Congregati (Apostoli) sanxerunt quadraginta dies jejunii.—*S. Chrysostom Sem. de Jejunio.*

ous penalties of disobedience. To fast on other days may be a remedy, an atonement, and a preventive of sin; not to fast in Lent, would be itself a crime which would deserve the severest punishment (7). The imperative duty of mortification so often neglected when we are left to our own decision, can now no longer be evaded. The Church compels us, by a happy necessity, to atone for our former negligence, to repair the consequences of our past sins, to crucify our flesh with all its vices and concupiscences, and, in that mortified and guilty flesh, to 'fill up those things which are wanting of the passion of Christ' (8). We are no longer left to our own discretion. The Church, the interpreter of the Divine Justice, takes into her own maternal hands, as it were, the avenging scourge, and chastens us for our sins; whilst at the same time she commends to our wavering lips that painful, but salutary remedy, that unfailing antidote, that heavenly potion, composed of 'the bitternesses' of our Lord's Passion, which, if left to ourselves, there is too much reason to fear, we would reject with aversion. Now, she calls upon us, in virtue of our allegiance to her Divine Founder, to consecrate the first-fruits, the tithe of the year, to God (9); and as we owe all our years to 'the king of ages immortal and invisible,' to dedicate the tenth of this year, in a more solemn manner, to Him, for whom, and in whom, all things live.' (10) And, as the principal object of the Lenten Fast is the destruction of sin, and the purification of the heart, so, Dearly Beloved Brethren, whilst you diminish your corporal food, abstain from the iniquities of the world, and 'from carnal desires which war against the soul' (11). This is the great, and perfect Fast, which will find favour in the sight of heaven (12). This is the Fast, which will heal all diseases, banish all demons, expel evil thoughts, and create within you a clean heart (13). For what will it profit you to become pale from fasting, if you be livid from hatred or from envy? Of what avail, to abstain from flesh which was created for food, if by calumny and detraction you tear asunder the limbs of your brethren whom you are commanded to love? Why torture the body with the pangs of hunger, if you shamefully pander to its sensual desires? (14) The Fast which the Lord has chosen, and which alone will be acceptable to Him is to "LOOSE THE BANDS OF WICKEDNESS.....to deal your bread to the hungry, and to bring the needy and the harbourless into your house: when you shall see one naked to cover him, and to despise not your own flesh. Then shall your light break forth as the morning, and your health shall speedily arise, and your justice shall go before your face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather you up. Then you shall call, and the Lord will hear; then you shall cry, and He will say:—'Here I am.' (15).

Commence, therefore, Dearly Beloved Brethren, this Quadragesimal Fast, by an entire and solemn renunciation of sin. Avoid its dangerous occasions, and repair its destructive effects. Emancipate yourselves, without delay, from the bondage of Satan, and break asunder the chains of death. Let no sacrifice be considered too great, where your immortal souls are concerned. Cut off the hand, pluck out the eye, remove the beam, which are occasions of sin to yourselves, and of scandal to your neighbour. Delay not to be converted to the Lord. Begin now in earnest, as if hitherto you had made no progress in the service of God. Let 'this change' be the mighty work 'of the right hand of the Most High,' (16) so that each one may be able to cry out, in gratitude and delight, to his Father who is in Heaven: 'Thou hast broken my chains, O Lord! To thee I will sacrifice a victim of praise' (17)—that 'acceptable sacrifice of justice' (18) which the penitent sinner offers to God in the punishment which he inflicts upon himself for his ingratitude to the best of Fathers (19).

Fast, therefore, because you have sinned; fast that you may not sin again; fast that all your petitions may be heard before the throne of mercy, and that the Divine 'Ear' may 'listen to the preparation of your heart' (20).

Having explained them on former similar occasions, we deem it unnecessary at present to descant at length on the advantages of Holy Fasting, by which, as the Church herself tells us, our vices are subdued, our minds lifted up from earth to heaven, our souls adorned with virtue, and enriched with its glorious rewards (21). Let it suffice to say, in the language of one of the Fathers, who, both by word and example, most eloquently enforced the salutary doctrines of penance:—'By fasting legislators are made wise. Fasting is the best guardian of the soul, the secure companion of the body, the armour and support of the strong, the training exercise of him who wrestles in the struggle for salvation. Fasting banishes temptations, promotes piety, dwells with sobriety, and produces temperance. It is strength in war, and repose in peace. Fasting sanctifies the

(7) Aliis diebus jejunare remedium, in quadragesima non jejunare peccatum; alio tempore qui jejunat accipiet indulgentiam, isto qui non jejunat, sentiet pœnam.—*S. Augustine Serm.* 171 *de Diversis.*

(8) Coloss. i. 24. (9) Quasi anni nostri decimas Deo damus.—*S. Gregor. Magn. Hom.* 16 *in Evang.* (10) Tob. xii. 10. Acts xvii. 28.

(11) 1 Pet. ii. 11. (12) Jejunium magnum et generale est abstinere ab iniquitatibus seculi, quod est perfectum jejunium.—*S. Aug. Lib. de Eccl. Dogm. Tract* 17 *in Johannem.*

(13) Vides quid faciat Jejunium. Morbos sanat, dæmones fugat, pravas cogitationes expellit, cor mundum efficit.—*S. Athanasius Lib.* 2 *de Virg.*

(14) Quid prodest pallidum esse jejunio, si odio, et invidia lividus es? Quid prodest abstinere a carnibus ad edendum creatis, et malignis obtrectationibus fratrum membra lacerare? Cur corpus fame discrucias, cui turpiter peccando blandiris?—*S. August. Lib. de Eccl. Dogmat.*

(15) Isaias lviii. 6, 9. (16) Ps. lxxvi. 11. (17) Ps. cxv. 110.

(18) Ps. l. 21. (19) 'Sacrificium justitiæ' fit per Pœnitentiam, cum peccator seipsum puniens, mactat Deo.—*S. Aug. in Ps.* 50.

(20) Ps. x. 17. (21) Qui corporali jejunio vitia comprimis, mentem elevas, virtutem largiris et præmia.—*Præf. Quadrag.*

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Beloved Brethren,
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Nazaræan, and elevates the Priest to perfection, for neither is it lawful, without fasting, to approach the Sacrifice in that mystic and true adoration of God which we now perform, nor was it allowed in the figurative Sacrifices of the ancient law' (22).

Amongst the spiritual and corporal works of mercy which should accompany your Fasting, to make it like unto that Fast which the Lord himself hath chosen, we take the present opportunity of commending to your charitable zeal, and fervent prayers, the Great and God-like Work of that most useful and meritorious ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

It is the glory of the present age to have formed an Institution which seems destined to extend the Kingdom of God to the uttermost boundaries of the earth. Now, to co-operate with the Church in the salvation of those precious souls for which Christ died, is one of the most noble and meritorious duties which a Christian can perform. Cheerful alms, and fervent prayer, are the arms of this heavenly warfare. All the soldiers of Christ are therefore qualified to engage in the conflict with the powers of darkness. The smallest mite is useful, the humblest prayer is efficacious in promoting the success of the great cause, and all the faithful members of Christ are knit together in this bond of love. The fervent Missionary makes the sacrifice of his country and kindred, and devotes himself to a life of privation, suffering and toil. He braves the terrors of death, and the long, lingering martyrdom of persecution, in order to plant the standard of the Cross in benighted lands, to make their 'desert as a place of pleasure, and their wilderness as the garden of the Lord' (23).

Through the assistance and prayers of the ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH, the Adorable Name of Jesus has been announced in every part of the earth, and the voice of His Apostolic Ministers has gone forth into the whole world. Since the foundation of this great Society, it has, under the sanction of the Holy See, sent forth, and supported, innumerable zealous Missionaries, to 'preach the Gospel to every creature.' And when we consider the immense number of infidels on the earth, the deplorable ignorance in which they live, their dreadful crimes, and abominable superstitions, together with the favourable dispositions of many to receive the truths of the Gospel, we cannot but feel the most lively interest in their behalf. When we reflect that our own ancestors were once 'children of wrath' and plunged in the same ignorance and barbarism as several Pagan nations of the present day, and that we owe the gift of Faith to the spontaneous mercy of God, and the heavenly zeal with which he inflamed our first Missionaries, should not our gratitude be unbounded, and should we not seek by every means in our power, to extend the same blessings to the whole world? We justly pride ourselves on belonging to the Only True Church on earth, and professing 'the Faith once delivered to the Saints.' But, let us look at our separated brethren of various denominations, and behold the unceasing energies, the countless millions, which they expend in their attempts to diffuse their erroneous doctrines. Our cheeks must be mantled with blushes, when we look upon their misdirected zeal, and our ungrateful apathy. Shall we be less eager to make known the truths of salvation, than they are to propagate error? We are not called upon to sacrifice our property, to relinquish our occupations, to renounce our kindred, or to abandon our country. We are not summoned to exile, imprisonment, or death. We are not invited to endure the tortures of the scourge, nor the deadly bitterness of the sword, for the faith of Christ. But, if our blood do not flow in the sacred cause, shall not even a small portion of our miserable pelf be poured out, to assist the holy confessors and martyrs of our religion, who are, at this moment, braving every danger, enduring every fatigue, and suffering even the most cruel torments, for the love of their neighbour and their God?

The Institution for the Propagation of the Faith, implores, in addition to our prayers, but one halfpenny per week, for this glorious, this God-like work. The Almighty alone can tell the incalculable benefits which it has already produced, and the many souls, both of infants baptized, and of adults converted, for whom it has secured the bliss of Heaven. For, do we not behold in these our times, the enlargement of Christ's spiritual Kingdom, the extension of His Church on earth, the fulfilment of His gracious promises in behalf of the Gentiles?—"I come that I may gather them together with all nations and tongues; and they shall come, and shall see my glory. And I will set a sign among them, and I will send of them that shall be saved, to the Gentiles into the sea, into Africa and Lydia, into Italy and Greece, to the Islands afar off, to them that have not heard of me, and have not seen my glory. And they shall declare my glory to the Gentiles." (24) When we consider the astonishing success which has crowned the labours of her Missionaries in every part of the globe, for the last quarter of a century, may we not address the Church of God in the language of the same inspired writer?—"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacles: spare not; lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For, thou shalt pass on to the right hand,

(22) Jejunium legislatores sapientes facit: animæ optima custodia, corporis socius securus, fortibus viris munimentum et arma: athletis et certantibus exercitatio. Hoc præterea tentationes propulsat, ad pietatem armat, cum sobrietate habitat, temperantiæ opifex est: in bellis fortitudinem affert, in pace quietem docet: Nazaræum sanctificat, sacerdotem perficit: neque enim fas est sine jejunio sacrificium attingere, non solum in mystica nunc, et vera Dei adoratione, sed nec in illa, in qua sacrificium secundum legem in figura offerebatur.—*S. Basil. Homil.* 1 *de Jejunio.* (23) Isai. li. 3.

(24) Isai. lxvi. 18.

and to the left: and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and shall inhabit the desolate cities." (25) Does not that glorious epoch in the history of the Church seem to dawn upon us, of which it was written:—"Lift up thy eyes round about, and see; all these are gathered together, they are come to thee: thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side. Then shalt thou see, and abound, and thy heart shall wonder, and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee!" (26)

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH is solemnly approved of by the Head of the Church; it is enriched with numerous Indulgences, and is recommended to the Faithful by nearly all the Bishops of the Christian world. What Catholic then, will refuse to contribute his prayers or his mite for the love of Him "who being rich, was made poor for our sakes," and for the salvation of His creatures throughout the universe, for whom He has died, and whom He has commanded us to love?

We need not remind you, Dearly Beloved Brethren, that this holy Association has powerful claims on the gratitude and support of every Catholic in the Diocess of Halifax; for we have frequently recounted to you the history of its benefactions to our scattered flock, and the blessed fruits of its abundant and truly charitable assistance. If the Ministers of the Lord have been multiplied,—if new labourers are every year sent into His vineyard,—if numerous Temples have been built in His honour,—if the Holy "Places where His glory dwelleth" have been beautified and adorned,—if the mysterious rites and affecting ceremonies of our Holy Church have been performed with solemnity or splendor,—if the heart of the poor exile in the wilderness has been cheered by the consolations of Religion,—if the expiring Christian in the distant settlement, or the lonely forest, has been fortified by the Sacraments of Salvation,—if the Gospel of Christ has been preached to the poor, and the Ancient Faith vindicated before those who knew not its priceless value: in a word, if many HUNDREDS of our separated Brethren have, in this Diocess, within the last few years, returned to the Ark of security and peace, the glorious Church of their Fathers; if the seeds of the Divine Word have been scattered far and wide, through the medium of Good Books, and the endearing emblems, the sweet memorials of Catholicity have been diffused in all directions,—to whom, next to God, are we chiefly indebted for such consoling and inestimable favours? With confidence and gratitude, we answer:—To THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

All this you know, Dearly Beloved Brethren; and for the last eight years, especially in the City and vicinity of Halifax, you have testified your gratitude not only by the generous contributions which you have poured into this sacred treasury, but also by the thanksgivings, prayers, and communions, which you have constantly offered to Almighty God for the increasing success of this blessed work. We desire, however, that throughout the entire Diocess, even in the poorest parts (and, alas! we know too well the general poverty of the rural districts), the alms for this Association, no matter how small, should be collected, and above all, that continual prayers should be offered up for the propagation of the kingdom of Christ.

And this naturally reminds us of a kindred desire which has long engaged our heart, and of which, particularly during the Holy Season of Lent, we trust you will not be unmindful. It is, to solicit your most earnest prayers for the conversion of the Kingdom of England to the orthodox faith.

England was once a great Catholic country; for more than a thousand years she professed the Ancient Creed. From Rome, the centre of spiritual light, the lamp of faith was brought, and enkindled upon her hills; and, by Missionaries from Rome, the trumpet of the true Gospel was sounded upon her shores. She could boast of her adoption by a sainted Gregory the Great, and a holy Augustine, the fruitful parent of so many children in Christ. She could glory in a Lucius, a Helen, an Ethelbert, an Oswald, an Edmund, an Alfred, and an Edward the Confessor; an Erkenwald and Chad, a Willibald and Wilfrid, a Willibrord and Dunstan and Swithin, an Elphege, an Anselm and a Thomas; a venerable Bede, a Bennet Biscop, a Botulph, a Stephen and a Cuthbert. From the throne to the cottage, in every rank of life, she produced the most illustrious Saints. Her Kings and Queens exchanged their palaces for the cell, their diadems for the cowl, and resigned all earthly power to devote themselves to Him, "whom to serve is to reign." England was long famous for piety, charity and learning. Her religious retreats were filled with the votaries of sanctity and science; hence, her Bishops, her Abbots, her Doctors, her holy Martyrs, her innumerable Virgins, her Sacred Architects, the countless monuments of the holiness, munificence and zeal, of her truly Catholic people, occupy many of the brightest pages in the history of the Church.

But, alas! in an evil hour, and days of darkness, a terrible vicissitude obscured all her ancient renown. How has her gold become dim, and her best colour been changed, and the abomination of desolation set up in her holy place, and the stones of her Sanctuary been scattered at the top of every street! In His inscrutable judgments, the Lord has covered her with obscurity in the day of his wrath, and brought her into darkness, and not into light. He has cast her down headlong, and has not spared all that was beau-

(25) Id. liv. 2. (26) Id. lx. 4.

tiful in her. He has, in His fierce anger, cast off her Altar, and cursed her Sanctuary; He has delivered the walls of the towers thereof into the hands of the enemy. His law was no more amongst her, and her prophets found no vision from the Lord. Those blind prophets saw but false and foolish things for her, and they did not lay open her iniquity to excite her to penance. The Lord made her a derision to all His people—their song all the day long. He filled her with bitterness, fed her with ashes, removed her soul far off from peace, so that she forgot the good things of old, and her end and hope seemed to have perished. She strayed away from the womb, and spoke false things. She despised the faithful Mother who had begotten her in Christ, who had nourished her with sound doctrine, and exalted her to glory and honour. Great has been her pride, and her arrogance as that of Moab, and in the multitude of her strength she 'persecuted the Church of God,' and got drunk with the blood of His Martyrs. She made His servants a prey to the fowls of heaven, and gave the flesh of His saints to the beasts of the earth! Great, indeed, as the sea, was her destruction: who could heal her? (27)

Oh! if she could but win back again the precious pearl which she has lost! If she could only recover that saving Faith which she so unhappily surrendered! If, after three centuries of spiritual degradation and chastisement,—and we look upon her temporal prosperity, and her mere worldly wisdom, as her greatest scourges—she could only obtain pardon of her great national crime, we do believe, from the many noble and estimable natural qualities of her people, that England would speedily become one of the fairest portions of the Church of Christ, and perhaps eclipse her ancient glories.

And surely the arm of the Most High is not shortened. Who knows but the Lord may turn to the English people, our dearly beloved separated brethren, our beloved fellow-subjects, and forgive them, and remember their iniquities no more! Who knows but that they may be again translated from darkness into His admirable light! Who knows but that they may return again to the Holy Mother that bore them, "to the Rock from which they were cut out," to the centre of Unity and Truth from which they received their first Apostles!

From the wonderful events of the last few years, and the extraordinary changes which are every day occurring, there is much ground for hope. All that could be accomplished by human malice or human wisdom, prompted and supported by the powers of darkness, to uproot the Ancient Faith, has been tried in vain; for "there is no wisdom, there is no prudence, there is no counsel against the Lord." (28) We almost shudder at giving even a brief transcript of the horrible devices employed against the Church of God, but why should we not exalt the heroism of His faithful servants in England—the invincible power of His Truth—the irresistible strength of the right hand of the Most High? We therefore only declare what is notorious to the world, when we say, that sanguinary laws, bribery and punishment, threats and smiles, imprisonment and proscription, outrages and insult, misrepresentation and calumny, sham plots and mendacious forgeries, exclusion from place and power—oppression in the army, degradation in the navy, injustice in the courts of law, banishment from the halls of science, crushing fines, grievous exactions, cruel confiscations—the rack, the scourge, the gibbet—every form of torture, all species of contumely—whatsoever was hideous in bondage, debasing in slavery, unnatural in civil strife—all that poisoned the springs of friendship, destroyed the charities of life, and rent asunder the dearest ties of nature—all, all have been tried, and tried in vain. In vain were tried the illimitable resources, the vast wealth, the boundless power, of the greatest Empire that perhaps the world has ever beheld. The indestructible germ of divine Truth, planted deeply in the soil, by the zealous labours of her first Missionaries, could never be eradicated from the fair bosom of England. Her Catholicity was not dead; it merely slept. There were always a chosen few, who never bent the knee to Baal. There were always some who refused to pronounce that dreadful and impious sentence of damnation against all Christendom, and to declare, that "for eight hundred years and more" it was plunged in gross idolatry. There were always some lofty souls, and faithful sons, who refused to curse the ashes of their pious ancestors, and who would not believe—the very thought filled them with horror—that the hallowed remains of their forefathers, which, for upwards of ten centuries had accumulated the soil in the innumerable Cemeteries of Old England, were nothing more than the bones of Idolators who had perished under the malediction of heaven. Oh! how COULD they believe this, when they looked around and beheld on every side the time-honoured monuments of Catholic England; the enduring testimonials of piety, charity, and faith; the superb Cathedrals, the spacious Abbeys, the beauteous cloisters, the solemn temples, the lofty spires, the rich tabernacles, the jewelled vases, the enamelled shrines, the glittering chancels, the gorgeous windows, the towering columns and the sculptured arches; the noble universities, colleges and schools, the vast libraries, the pious endowments, the charitable legacies, the chauntries, the hospitals, the alms-houses, the refuges for the destitute and the aged of every rank, those sweet asylums for the poor, in which poverty was deemed no crime, but was honoured and respected, and cherished, with tenderest care, for His sake, Who, for love of us, made Himself poor! How COULD they assert that the Great Nation who had bequeathed to posterity so many imperishable records of their knowledge of the Gospel, and their practical belief in Christ were nothing better, after all, than the Infidel or the Pagan! Accordingly those devoted sons of Old Catholic England, steadfast in

(27) Jerem. &c. passim. Ps. lxxvii. (28) Proverbs xxi. 30.

their allegiance to God, remained faithful to the Church of their fathers. Throughout a long and withering persecution, in which they were deprived of all human consolation, they hoped against hope. Weeping, they wept in this long night of sorrow, over the desolation of their Sanctuary, and their tears were on their cheeks; for amongst all those who were before dear to them, there was none to comfort them. (29) Nevertheless, like the prophet Daniel, they were MEN OF DESIRES, and they prayed, without ceasing, that the days of desolation and captivity might be shortened upon God's people, that the transgression of their beloved country might be finished, and its sin might have an end. (30) How fortunate for England that she possessed this faithful band of Confessors and Martyrs! For "if the Lord of Hosts had not left" her that precious "seed" she "would have been as Sodom, and should have been like to Gomorrha." (31)

Their prayers and tears, no less than the continual intercession of the glorious array of the sainted spirits of England, seem to have at length prevailed before the throne above. A more enlightened policy has in some measure supplanted the persecuting spirit of other disastrous times. A bright streak—the forerunner of a glorious dawn—has appeared upon her religious horizon; and those who sighed so long, in remembering the splendours of the olden time, look up with grateful admiration, and joyful hope. The fountains of ancient Truth, so long sealed up, have been gradually re-opened, and the "desert, waterless land" (32) is refreshed and gladdened with its fertilising streams. Many of "the people who walked in darkness have seen the great light" (33) which was erstwhile shed upon their fathers. They have begun to read their national history with the eye of Faith, and to discern, in every thing around them, the true vestiges of English glory, the solid proofs of universal fame, the best pledges of temporal peace, and of endless bliss to come. The way-side cross, the ivy-mantled turret, the storied sepulchre, the silent cell, the painted window, the frescoed wall, the encaustic pavement, the antique gem, the illuminated manuscript, the ancient coin, the regal robes, the coronation rite, the royal charities, the knightly armour, the municipal badge, the heraldic device, the monumental inscription, the old patent, the moth-eaten deed, the legal formula, the parochial titles, the black-letter calendar, the patron saints of churches, the collegiate rules, the pious statutes of olden guilds, the hallowed festival customs, the popular games, the familiar salutations, the names of streets, villages and towns, the very "stones crying out from the walls" (34) of the dismantled temple—all those unerring telegraphs, which communicate to modern times the belief of other days, have spoken to the English heart in mute, but eloquent language, and have awakened it from the torpor of ages. The transcendant beauties of Catholic Art are admired and copied. The "dark ages," once so vilified, are now encircled with a halo of brightness. The "lazy monks" are found to be the benefactors of mankind, and to have rendered immense services to society, in the scriptorium and at the plough, as well as in the schools of science, the chancel or the pulpit. The spirit of the tasteful and indefatigable Pugin has breathed upon the unsightly heaps of Protestant Architecture, informed the grotesque piles of modern fashion, and in his plastic hand moulded chaos itself into beauty, sublimity and order.

(29) Jerem. (30) Daniel ix. 23. 24. (31) Isai. i. 9. (32) Ps. lxii. 3. (33) Isai. ix. (34) Habacuc. ii. 11.

Thus, William of Wykham is revered, not only in his own beloved Winchester, but throughout the length and breadth of the land. The enchanting pages of Digby, that skilful miner, who, with incessant toil, has dug up the buried treasures of the AGES OF FAITH, and from his rich store-house of Catholic lore "brought forth new things and old" (35) to astonish, to dazzle, to inflame his delighted reader,—have confounded the calumnies of literary pretenders, and pointed out to the weary pilgrim of the soul, the thousand alluring paths which converge and lead to the only consecrated Temple of Unity and Peace. Attested in his own blood, the "TEN REASONS" of CAMPIAN, the glorious son of St. Ignatius, once addressed in vain to Oxford, have, at length, prevailed in that renowned seat of learning; and, attracted by that potent voice which called Peter from his nets, Paul from the synagogue, and Matthew from the customs, numbers of the most gifted sons of that famous University have renounced all things to follow Christ. The pure and incorruptible soul of MORE again hovers around the precincts of Westminster Hall, and the blood of the martyred FISHER has cried out with effect to the most distinguished of the English Clergy, and induced them, by the consideration of the singular anomaly of Church Headship so clearly described seventeen centuries ago by the stern African doctor, (36) to restore their allegiance to the successor of Peter, the Vicegerent of Jesus Christ, for whose spiritual supremacy that great prelate of Rochester so nobly died. FATHER PERSONS, the distinguished alumnus of Baliol College at Oxford, is ably represented by the learned NEWMAN, who writes also with depth and feeling for the conversion of his native land. The evangelical boldness of PEYTO and ELSTOW, the glorying in the Cross of Christ, and the contempt of the world's ridicule, which immortalized HOUGHTON, the holy Prior of the Charter House, are seen again in an Oakeley, a Faber, a Ward, a Father Ignatius, who glories in the livery of Jesus Crucified, and fears not to "speak of the testimonies of the Lord in the presence of Kings." (37) The mighty metropolis has found a successor for POLE in profound and varied erudition, and orthodox zeal, as well as in the highest honours of the Roman purple. In a word, the majesty and beauty of our spotless Church are quietly resuming their ancient sway. England is returning to judgment, and the wicked elders who conspired to blacken the fair fame of the Spouse of Christ are already convicted of prevarication and falsehood.

These are some of the wondrous works which have been wrought before our eyes, and for the accomplishment of which many past generations have wept and prayed, have suffered and died. Truly this is the Lord's own work, and it is wonderful in our eyes!

If we were to imagine, Dearly Beloved Brethren, that this mighty throbbing of the national pulse should create no sensation; that these long stagnant waters should be stirred to their very depths without some offensive commotion; that the enemy of truth, the "strong-armed man of the gospel" who was at peace whilst his possessions were secure, should not be disturbed "when a stronger than he has come to disarm and defeat him" and to "scatter all his spoils" (38)—we would indeed be greatly

(35) Matt. xiii. 52. (36) Non permittitur mulieri in Ecclesia loqui; sed nec docere, nec tinguere, nec offerre, nec ullius virilis muneris, NEDUM SACERDOTALIS OFFICII SORTEM sibi vendicare. Tertullian De Virg. Velandis. C. IX. (37) Ps cxviii. 46.
(38) Luke xi. 21, 22.

deceived. Hence, it was most natural, that when Catholicity again reared its venerable head on English ground, when clergy and laity, peers and peasants, rich and poor, learned and simple, heroic souls of all ranks, degrees and professions, crowded around her, and having first admired, and then reverenced, finally embraced her,—the inmost fibres of the national heart should be violently convulsed. We must not be surprised, therefore, that England, that London, should be terrified at this dread apparition—this astounding, alarming fact, of the advent of the Old Religion, as "all Jerusalem was disturbed" (39) when the Wisemen from the East cried aloud in her streets, and proclaimed at her palace gates, that the King of the Jews was born, that they had seen His star, and that He had come to claim the rightful homage of his subjects. No wonder that our modern "chief priests and scribes of the people" should quake with alarm, and raise an unholy clamour, when they beheld strangers, as it were, from afar, coming into the midst of them, to point out that true light which they had so long obscured—to preach that pure doctrine which they had so long corrupted—to convert the sinner whom they had left to perish in his iniquity—to evangelize the poor whom they had so cruelly abandoned—to reclaim to morality and religion the hapless victims of ignorance and crime, the masses who knew not God, who could not tell the very name of their Redeemer, who could not designate the gentle and gracious Sovereign that ruled over them, who feared no hell, and hoped for no salvation (40). Could it be expected that the spirits of error would be peacefully ejected from their old haunts, or that, like the two dispossessed "in the country of the Gerasens" they would not "come out of their sepulchres exceeding fierce, so that none could pass by their way" and that in an agony of disappointment at their unexpected disturbance they would not "cry out, saying: Jesus, Son of God! art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" (41)

No, Dearly Beloved Brethren; the deafening clamour that has been raised, the wild shouts that have rent the skies, the opprobious epithets and furious threats, the howlings of the pulpit and the denunciations of the press, the amusing alternations of assumed confidence and alarming fear, all the affectation of contempt, with all the reality of terror, the insults hurled against the Mother of Jesus, the Queen of Heaven; the audacious blasphemies against God and His saints; the indignities offered to the Vicar of Christ, and to a Pontiff so great and so holy, whose paternal heart always yearned for the welfare of his people, whose merciful spirit has not been even once embittered by all the malice of his ungrateful children, and whose venerable name the English Journals had before covered with the foul slaver of their hypocritical eulogy; the shameful treatment of the Ministers of the Altar, and the Princes of the Church; all those ever-to-be-regretted ebullitions which have made wise men blush, and good men grieve; all those painful demonstrations which excite not our indignation or our surprise, but our tenderest pity, and most christian sympathy, for the poor, unsuspecting people, so deceived, by blind and interested guides; prove, and prove incontestably, the extent and depth of the deadly wound which has been already inflicted on the prince of darkness. Yes, Dearly Beloved Brethren, whilst we deeply deplore the many offences recently committed in England against the Almighty, we behold clearly, in the signs of the times, the harbingers of His approaching mercies.

Far be it from us, therefore, to feel the least alarm at the impotent threats which have been hurled against our venerable Religion, or our immoveable Church. We know in whom we have trusted, and who has desired us to have confidence, because He has overcome our common enemy, the world. (42) For, to speak with the illustrious Bishop of Hippo, Ours is "the Holy Church, the One Church, the True Church, which combats all heresies. She may fight, but she cannot be overcome. All heresies have gone out from her, like useless branches lopped off from the vine; but She remains in her root, in her vine, in her charity. "The gates of hell shall not overcome her." (43) Founded on a rock as immutable as Christ's promise; in her beauty always ancient, and ever new, the Catholic Church has shone as a glorious Light to the whole world. Assailed from within and without, each successive struggle is but the prelude of a new victory. Faithful to the Counsels of Her Divine Founder, She is patient, she endures, she hopes, she prays, and she triumphs. The billows of heresy and schism, the swelling waves of infidelity and error have dashed against her sides in vain. The scorching blasts of fifty persecutions have swept over her, but she has not once bowed her majestic head. For countless ages the tide of time has rolled by Her, bearing to destruction on its bosom every of the works of man, but She remains unmoved, whilst each generation, as it passes, bends in obeisance before Her, proclaims Her to be like Her Invisible Head, "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever" (44) and salutes Her as "Queen of Eternity."

We can have, therefore, nothing to fear, but much to hope from the present condition of England. The nervous agitation of our opponents, their appeals to physical force, their loud calls upon the civil power for assistance, show that they have no confidence in their stability, and that they have given up the field of argument in despair. For surely they would not indulge in such frantic rage, if they really believed, that their Church was built upon a Rock, and that by Divine Promise, the gates of hell could not prevail against her. It was their favourite and insulting allegation, that Catholicity was the legitimate offspring of ignorance, and that in any free and enlightened country, it could not stand the test of discussion. No doubt, they had long disproved the sincerity of this assertion by the jealous vigilance with which they guarded the fountains of Knowledge, and deprived the hapless Catholic of all chance of education. But it has been reserved for this our day, to give a crushing contradiction to this old, stereotyped calumny. For, after ages of persecution, a long possession of power, and an exclusive use of all the sources of science on their part, we have met the chosen champions of error, under every disadvantage. We have met them at the press, and in the pulpit, the college and the university, on the public platform, and in private discussion, in the courts of law, and in the popular assemblies, in the proud mansions of the great, as well as in the desolate abodes of the poor, in the peasant's cot, no less than the Baronial Castle; and we had nothing to offer but Glorious Truth, for the possession of which, we demanded the sacrifice of all that was dear to flesh and blood. The result is before the World. In spite of all their glittering bribes, the great

(39) Matt. ii. 3.

(40) Evidence in Parliamentary Blue Books, Testimonies of Protestant Clergymen, Magistrates, Overseers, &c. respecting the population in mines, factories and rural districts. (41) Matt viii. 28, 29.

(42) John xvi. 33. (43) Ipsa est Ecclesia sancta, Ecclesia Una Ecclesia vera, Ecclesia Catholica contra omnes hæreses pugnans. Pugnare potest, expugnari tamen non potest, &c. Portæ inferi non vincent eam. S. Aug. Serm. de Symbol. ad Catechmenos.

(44) Heb. xii. 8.

cause of Truth has been triumphant. Jesus Crucified,—O astonishing power of Divine grace!—with all the opprobium and folly of the Cross, has begun to reign in generous hearts which once rejected His sweet yoke. Innumerable souls which had long flitted over the deluge of unbelief, have happily returned to the Ark of rest. The tempest-tossed who were 'carried about by every wind of doctrine' have at length found the Divine security of Peter's Bark. Egypt has been despoiled, and the People of God are enriched with her most valuable treasures. Their great champions, and noblest ornaments we have made captives of Faith, and docile members of God's Holy Church. Their most learned doctors, with all the edifying simplicity of little children in Christ, have descended from their chairs, and seated at His feet, have begun to learn the very rudiments of the science of salvation, in His School of humility and meekness. And these marvellous changes, these magnificent intellectual triumphs have been achieved by sound arguments from reason and Scripture, aided by divine grace; most certainly not by bribes, coercion or any species of physical force. And it is not alone the poor, the lowly the simple, the untitled and obscure; no; but the rich, the noble, the learned, the pious, the truly honest have been converted; men, whose great sacrifices are the surest test of the depth of their convictions, and the unimpeachable sincerity of their motives. Thus, beaten in every field of argument, torn by intestine dissensions, beleaguered by powerful assailants, abandoned by the learned and virtuous of her own children, most skilfully assaulted on all sides, by the very weapons which she had herself wielded against the Immaculate Spouse of Christ, the Protestant Church in England, which, like the creed of Mahomet, was first propagated by the passions and the sword, true to the principles of her origin, and keenly alive to the essential conditions of her existence, would now recur in her decline, to brute force, to penal laws, to galling restrictions,—invokes all the strength of England, and all the "omnipotence of Parliament" furbishes and sharpens all the old congenial weapons, not against what is called "Papal Usurpation"—or that is a mere pretext to hide the vindictive spirit of mortifying defeat, and the low cunning of baffled political intrigue—but in reality against some poor bishops, priests, and laymen, against a small chosen band of men an honour to Christianity and human nature, the ornaments of their country who have renounced everything for the sake of the Gospel Truth which they once opposed, but for which they are now prepared to shed their blood.

And what, Dearly Beloved Brethren, has produced this great Religious Revolution? What has caused these "dry bones" to hearken to the Word of the Lord, and to be clothed with sinews and flesh, and to be covered with skin, and, with infused spirit, to live again? (45) We believe that it is to be attributed to the potent spell, the vivifying influence of Holy Prayer. For some years past, in several parts of Christendom, Prayers have been offered up for the conversion of England. Through the untiring and zealous exertions of a noble Convert of the House of Spencer, to whom we have already alluded, and who loves England with the whole soul of a true Christian Patriot, the charity of foreign Catholics has been excited in her behalf. From many a silent cloister and lonely cell, and hallowed sanctuary, in distant lands, have the most earnest petitions for England ascended in secret to Heaven. What a contrast between the peaceful weapons by which the children of the Church would win back to Christ's Kingdom this ancient realm, and the violence of language and action which characterise the defenders of modern innovation! For discussion, they have substituted abuse; and flinging aside the Bible, with all its fraternal love, they appeal to the odious Statute Book with all its penalties and pains. We pray; they would fight. We call down mercy upon them; they cry out for vengeance against us. In high places, the bandage has been rudely torn from the eyes of Justice, and the equipoise of the impartial scales disturbed by her half-unsheathed sword. The First Minister of the Crown, whose high position and sacred obligation to consult with impartiality for the welfare of all her Majesty's subjects, should have kept him, in an Empire of so many divers creeds, far aloof from the angry struggles of Religious polemics, has not only descended into the thickest of the fight, but, with a recklessness which baffles all conjecture as to its cause and its object, has actually himself sounded the horrid tocsin of civil strife, hurled the most abusive and contemptuous epithets against the Religion of nearly all Christendom, and the doubly-anointed King of the most ancient Sovereignty in Europe; provoked and encouraged a fearful excitement for which posterity will hold him responsible, and which, alas! seems preparing to obscure some of the brightest pages of English History which would record the mild, peaceful, and prosperous reign of a Sovereign so universally and deservedly enshrined in the hearts of all who own Her gentle sway, and assuredly by none more than by the millions of Her faithful Catholic subjects, both Bishops, Priests and Laymen, from the centre to the extremities of Her vast Empire.*

We turn with relief from the contemplation of this painful subject, and the perils which have been risked by this most-unwise Statesman, to the far different crusade which has been preached up amongst us, by the Peter the Hermit of the nineteenth century. Dissonance and harmony, truth and error, light and darkness, are not more different than the key-notes of a Russell and a Spencer. We have seen the latter crying out for Peace, and not the Sword. We have not heard him sounding the war-cry of battle, but sweetly inviting us to pray to the God of Armies.

And can we refuse his supplication? Can we shut our ears against this "Voice of the English" which speaks through his mouth? Many thousands of you, Dearly Beloved Brethren, are of Irish birth, or of Irish descent; Now, this Apostle of Prayer has specially set his heart upon securing the Prayers of the Irish. He knew their faith, their piety, and their fervour. He knew how acceptable in their mouth would be prayers for such an object. He felt what a sublime spectacle of christian forgiveness,

(45) Ezechiel xxxvii. 4. 7.

* As a specimen of the sad lengths to which the country has been driven by the mischievous "mummeries" of this great political charlatan, it has been observed with pain, that even "the Women of Windsor" have petitioned Her Majesty "to save them from the encroachments of the Bishop of Rome!" Poor, hapless innocents! They ought to have known that if Woman is not in Europe the degraded slave of passion and caprice, as in the tyrannical countries of the East, she owes it all to the influence of Catholicity, and the Apostolic firmness of the Bishop of Rome. It was Rome, and the Bishops of Rome that always vindicated the dignity, independence and rights of woman in the social scale, against Princes, Kings and Emperors, against feudal tyranny and barbarian violence. 'The Women of Windsor' need not have gone beyond their own Castle to look for proofs and precedents in favour of these assertions. A Bishop of Rome even at the hazard of losing the Kingdom of England as a spiritual appanage, resisted to the last, the fearful and bloody 'encroachments' on the rights of Woman, of that tyrannical monster the Eighth Henry. Well would it be for the Women of Windsor, and the Women of England if the salutary influence of the Bishop of Rome were more felt in England, to curb the unbridled passions of men by the discipline of the Gospel, to secure for their children the essential rites of Holy Baptism against the 'encroachments' of Privy Councils, and to maintain the indissolubility of the Marriage tie—that divine and sure protection of social order, domestic harmony, and Woman's rights.

and christian charity, in the sight of God and man, would be faithful Ireland prostrate in supplication to Heaven, for mercy and compassion on her ancient enemy. And within the last year, wherever he was seen amongst them on his errand of love, have not the persecuted Irish nobly responded to his call? Yes; they have proved that they can make sacrifices of feeling, as well as sacrifices of property and life, for the Glorious Faith which they loved more dearly than both. Having learned from Him who was judged unjustly how to die for Truth, they have also learned how to pray for their enemies.

It seems as if by some inscrutable dispensation of Divine Providence, that, Ireland, whose nationality is as distinct and peculiar now as it was in the days of Henry II, should be reserved as an instrument in the hands of God for the weal or woe, the "ruin or resurrection" of her more powerful neighbour. More grateful to our heart is the conjecture of many wise and holy men, that England will recover her lost Faith through the agency of Ireland by that sweetly-disposing wisdom of Him who chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, and the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and the things that are contemptible and that are not, to bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh should glory in his sight. (46) Indeed for a long time past the Irish have been silently, and perhaps unconsciously engaged in the Conversion of England. A very large number of the English Missions are supported by Irish priests, Irish Congregations, Irish generosity and Irish zeal. Thus in the hands of God, through whom "all things cooperate unto good" (47) even the sins of men, (48) the indirect fruit of English oppression in Ireland, has been, to import back again to the shores of Albion, that Religion which she so much dreaded. Neither is it the first time that England has derived much spiritual benefit and intellectual improvement from the Island of Saints. Twelve centuries ago the valuable services of Ireland on this score were gratefully acknowleged by the Venerable Bede. Then, as well as now, the Irish Clergy penetrated to the remotest parts of Britain, to bear the tidings of salvation. Then likewise, as recorded by this holy English priest, came numbers both of the nobles and the middle classes of the English, into Ireland, to acquire sacred learning, and the discipline of a pure life; and they were received with hospitality and kindness, and were generously supplied with food, books, and Masters, by the warm-hearted people of the Green Isle (49). And although this noble hospitality has been sadly requited, the charity of the Irish heart is as inexhaustible as their fertile soil. The Irish are again assisting England in England, and the Irish in Ireland are praying for the English, and the Irish in all parts of the globe will, we trust, also discharge the same holy office of fraternal love. And may the Almighty God, in His infinite mercy, listen to their supplications!

For, after all, Dearly Beloved Brethren, the great bulk of the English population, have many, very many claims upon our charitable sympathy. They are themselves the victims of a long, artful, and unscrupulous system of deception and calumny. And, if it frequently happens that they blaspheme the things which they know not (50) it should excite our pity, rather than our surprise. For, only conceive a member of any of the Protestant Communions in that country, trained up from his infancy in the belief that Catholics hate him; that they would think it no crime to injure him; that they have no respect for the sanctity of an oath; that they can obtain pardon of any transgression for money; that they can get leave to commit any sin they please, by paying a stipulated sum; that with them, the end justifies the means, no matter how wicked; that they make a Divinity of the the Blessed Mother of God, and worship her as such; that they adore Angels and Saints, or offer them the homage which belongs to the Deity alone; that they place their hopes of salvation in their priests, or in long prayers, fasting and superstitious practices, and not in the merits of Jesus Christ's Passion and Death; that they make idols and images, and set up relics, to adore and pray to them, as if they were God Himself; that they have or fear the Bible, are not permitted to read it, and prefer human traditions before its heavenly—inspired words; that their priests preach to them in unknown tongues, and that they have blotted out, or concealed one of the commandments, lest the deluded people should see the danger of idolatry—worship; that the Pope can give them a dispensation to do any thing howsoever wicked, provided it be for the good of the Church; that there is a regular list, kept in a Book at Rome, of the prices of every sin, either for leave to commit it, or for its pardon after commission—in a word, that their whole Religion is nothing but conjuration and deceit, outward pomp and unmeaning ceremony, without any adoration in spirit and in truth; conceive a Protestant imbued with these false notions from his very infancy, imbibing them with his mother's milk; hearing them from his parents, family and teachers; reading them in his school-books, listening to them assiduously from his Minister in the pulpit; conceive, if you can, all this terrible action and re-action, of interested calumny, for several successive generations; and though you may be shocked and grieved, you can hardly be surprised at the anti-Catholic fury which has lately raged through the length and breadth, of the once hallowed land of an Alfred, and an Edward the Confessor.

We, therefore, call upon you, Dearly Beloved Brethren, 'through the bowels of the mercy of our God,' (51) to offer up your fervent supplications for the spiritual welfare of the English people, and for their speedy return to the faith of their forefathers. Lift up your hearts to Him 'who sendeth knowledge as the light' and beseech Him 'that He would gather together the tribes of Jacob, that they may know there is no God beside Him; that he would hasten the time, and remember the end, that we may declare His wonderful works!' (52)

It is our desire, that ON EVERY DAY during the Lent your petitions should ascend to Heaven for our dear brethren in England, and that ON EVERY WEDNESDAY throughout the year, you should continue to pray for the same pious purpose, as for some years past both in England and Ireland, as well as on the Continent of Europe, a day in the week has been selected for the discharge of this merciful office We wish however that one day should be specially set apart, and we consider none more suitable than the approaching festival of Pope St. Gregory the Great, so justly styled the Apostle of the English Nation, who "converted them from the power of Satan unto the faith of Christ." (53) and whose solicitude for their salvation is so well known throughout the universal Church.

We will, therefore, ON WEDNESDAY THE TWELFTH DAY OF MARCH next ensuing, by our united prayers offer a holy violence

(46) Wisd. viii. 1.—1 Cor. I. 25. 29. (47) Rom. viii. 28.

(48) S. Aug. Lib de corrept et grat. c. i. (49) Erant ibidem (in Hibernia) eo tempore multi Nobilium simul et mediocrium de gente Anglorum, qui tempore Finani et Colmani episcoporum relicta insula patria, vel divinæ lectionis, vel continentioris vitæ gratia illo secesserrant . . . Quos omnes Scoti libentissime suscipientes, victum eis quotidianum sine precio, libros quoque ad legendum, et magisterium gratuitum præbere curabant Ven. Beda. Eccl. Hist. Gent. Anglorum lib iii. c. 27. (50) Jude I. 10.

(51) Luke I. 78. (52) Eccles xxiv. 35. xxxvi. 10. 13.

53) De quo (Beato Papa Gregorio) nos convenit (quia nostram, id est, Anglorum gentem, de potestate Satanæ ad fidem Christi sua industria convertit) latior in nostra historia Ecclesiastica facere sermonem, quem recte NOSTRUM appellare possumus et debemus APOSTOLUM. Ven. Beda. Eccl. Hist. lib ii. c. 1.

to Heaven on behalf of that Great Nation in whose conversion is involved the eternal happiness of so many millions of the human race, in every part of the known world.

On that day, we request, that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass be offered up by every Priest in the Diocess of Halifax, and that the faithful will, as numerously as possible, offer up their devout communions on the same day for the spiritual regeneration of England. And, as when her holy and apostolic missionary St. Augustine approached King Ethelbert to solicit permission to announce the Gospel of Christ to his subjects, and having obtained it, entered the metropolis of his Kingdom in procession with his zealous companions "bearing, according to their custom, the Holy Cross and image of the Great King, Our Lord Jesus Christ and chanting the Litany with harmonious voice, supplicated the Lord for the eternal salvation of themselves and of those on whose account, and to whom they had come" (54) from GLORIOUS, EVERLASTING Rome, so we, under the standard of the same Cross, will offer our Litanies in like manner, and we desire that the Litanies of the Saints should be said or sung before Mass on the twelfth of March in the Churches of the Diocess of Halifax, and that all those who shall be unable to assist at the Holy Sacrifice, should recite those and other suitable prayers in presence of their families.

Spare O Lord; spare Thy People, and give not their ancient and glorious inheritance unto reproach. Regard the prayer of the humble and do not despise their petition. Look from Thy high sanctuary and hear the groans of them that are in fetters, and release the children of the slain. Arise, and have mercy on England, for it is time to have mercy on it, for the time is come. For in days of old, the stones of her Sion, have pleased thy servants. Hearken and do; for it is not for Thy justification that we present our prayers before Thee, but for the multitude of Thy tender mercies. Have mercy on Jerusalem the City which Thou hast sanctified. Fill Sion with Thy unspeakable words, and Thy People with Thy glory. Give testimony to them that are Thy creatures from the beginning, and RAISE UP THE PROPHECIES WHICH THE FORMER PROPHETS SPOKE IN THY NAME. REWARD THEM THAT PATIENTLY WAIT FOR THEE, that Thy Prophets may be found faithful, and hear the prayers of Thy servants! (55)

We will make no apology, Dearly Beloved Brethren, for the protracted length of this Pastoral Letter, especially when compared with that of last year. The momentous subjects of which it treats, and the critical times in which we live, would fully justify this unusual prolixity. And, indeed, we must confess that when we came to speak of the religious condition of England, and her present alternations of hope and fear, our heart was so enlarged, and our sympathies so warmly engaged for that ancient and most interesting Kingdom, that we could not restrain our feelings within ordinary limits. But, we might, perhaps, be more reasonably expected to say a word or two, in reference to our unwonted discussion of some topics, not immediately connected with our beloved flock, and a certain force of expression which we have designedly, though not willingly employed. The recent proclamation of war against the professors of our creed, and the Venerable Head of our Church; the floodgates of bigotry which have been so unexpectedly let loose; the persecution, more bitter than that of the dungeon, the axe, or the gibbet, which has been raised against our dearly beloved fellow Catholics in England by wicked "children of men whose teeth are arms and arrows, whose tongue is as a sharp sword, and under whose lips is the venom of asps" (56)—we speak not of the deluded multitude, but of the selfish, interested and unscrupulous firebrands who have excited this unholy clamour—all these declarations of war, we say, must arouse every faithful son of the Church, not in the United Kingdom alone, but throughout the world, and especially in all the territories of the British Empire. When the prince of darkness marshals his satellites against Truth, "the children of light" cannot remain inactive. At such a moment, the Watchmen on the towers of Israel should be particularly vigilant, and never cease to cry out day or night (57) to summon the champions of the Church, and the "domestics of faith," and to arm them with those invincible weapons whose edge is never blunted, and which were never known to fail. Yes, the cause of His Eminence, CARDINAL WISEMAN, and of his Venerable Brethren in the English Hierarchy, and their devoted flocks, IS OUR CAUSE AS WELL AS THEIRS. An insult offered to them, is offered to us. A manacle of honourable punishment which is forged for them, straitens our limbs also, and becomes for us, likewise, an instrument of glory. As members of the same mystic Body, of which Christ is the Head, we must quiver with anguish, and glow with sympathy, when any portion of the Church is struck by the ruthless hand of persecution. Those imaginary lines which divide the globe into peoples and kingdoms, those national feelings, national habits, and even national and personal antipathies, if you will, which sometimes, unhappily divide the children of the same origin, must be all forgotten, all absorbed in the common cause of our Divine and persecuted Faith. For there is no distinction of Jew or Greek, of Barbarian or Gentile, of Englishman, Irishman, Scotchman, American, or Indian, because all have the same Lord and Common Father, the same Great High Priest, the same Visible Head, the same Faith, the same Eternal Redemption, the same Everlasting Inheritance, the same blessed "expectation of that life" without end "which God will surely give to those who never change their faith from Him." (58) The more that our beloved brethren in England are assailed, the more dear they should become to us; the more they are made a bye-word and a reproach for the name of Christ, the more should be increased our gratitude, admiration and love.

Already, in the very threshold of the fight, they have acquired immortal honour. Their venerable and zealous Bishops, their pious and indefatigable Clergy, their devoted Nobility, Gentry and People, have stood forward in every part of England, to defend the Pope, to sustain the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, to stem the torrent of vituperation and calumny, and to confront their cowardly assailants with a cool and undaunted courage, worthy of so great a cause. Already, under every disadvantage, even the hydra of bigotry they have half shamed back into its horrid den. Already, both in England and Ireland, have the eyes of every sincere Catholic been opened to contemplate the fearful depth of the yawning gulph upon which any of them would stand, if he should fondly imagine that the education of Catholic youth, and the bright, hopeful destinies of Catholic Ireland could be safely confided to the treacherous hands of the scurrilous scribe who penned the Durham Manifesto, and to whom we ought to be grateful, if not for his classic vituperation, so redolent of the gentleman and the scholar, at least for the blind, but for us fortunate, candour, by which he has compelled us to speak our jealous fear, and by which he has excited our most determined opposition He truly deserves our gratitude because he has reunited into one compact, solid, and irresistible mass those elements of Catholicity which had been scattered since the era of miscalled Emancipation,—that convenient mask which hollow English statesmen have now worn before the world for two and twenty years, and by which they have acquired a reputation for liberality, which is proved to be unfounded, by past, and passing events. He merits our thanks, because he will, we trust, bring us back to some of the primitive piety, fervour and faith which were decaying too fast, and restore us that saving vigour which treacherous relaxation might enervate, but which open persecution could never break. (59)

(54) At illi non dæmoniaca, sed divina virtute præditi veniebant. Crucem pro vexillo ferentes argenteam et imaginem Domini Salvatoris in tabula depictam, Letaniasque canentes pro sua simul et eorum propter quos et ad quos venerant, salute æterna, Domino supplicabant.... Fertur autem quod appropinquantes civitati, more suo, cum Cruce Sancta et Imagine Magni Regis Domini nostri Jesu Christi hanc Letaniam consona voce modularentur: Deprecamur te Domine in omni misericordia Tua, ut auferatur furor Tuus et ira Tua a civitate ista, et de domo Sancta Tua, quoniam peccavimus Alleluya!—V. Beda. Lib. i. c. 25. Would that the memorable and fruitful words of this Litany of St. Austin were set to music, and again continually chaunted "consona voce" in every Catholic Church in England!

(55) Joel ii. 17 Ps. cx. passim. Eccles. xxxvi. xxxv. Daniel ix.

(56) Ps. lvi. 5.) xiii. 3. (57 Isai. lxii. 6.

(58) Tobias ii. 18.

(59) Nunc tentant otia quos bella non fregerunt. S. Ambros.

He claims our gratitude, because although he has seduced a few inglorious deserters from the standard of the Cross, he has at the same time, infused new vigour into its faithful disciples. True that we have to mourn over some blighted hopes, and reputations once famous, but now shipwrecked for ever. But whilst we weep over a beautiful ruin, our indignation is also excited against the spoiler who has laid it waste. However, in return for this, the Premier of England has aroused numbers from the treacherous indolence of unsuspecting Capua, and driven them once more to the tented field, and the stern discipline of the camp, to nerve us all for new struggles, and to prepare us for new victories. No: Lord Russell, YOU CAN NEVER DESTROY US. We boldly defy all your impotent malice. We will not bend, nor blench, nor quail, before your penal apparatus. We have learned from our fathers, how to smile at those paltry resources of baffled tyranny and cunning. You have now thrown down your gauntlet of defiance in the face of the NINETY TWO Prelates of the Church, EIGHTY TWO Bishops and TEN Archbishops throughout the British Dominions, against countless thousands of Priests, and millions upon millions of faithful people, including many of the proudest names, and most honoured lineage in Europe. And, most unwise of statesmen, every one of those Bishops is a power, every Priest is a potentate, every Congregation is a legion; every ecclesiastical unit is the centre of a moral force, which in a warfare like this, waged not on the field of battle, but within the domain of conscience, will defeat not only all the power of England, but all the power of the world. Through the length and breadth of the great American Republic, as well as wherever the English tongue is spoken, you have arrayed against you, all the noblest instincts of the human heart. For you seem to have forgotten, that the barbarous policy which you would now renew, has filled the United States with millions of Catholic exiles, and their immediate descendants, who so largely swell that tide of prosperity so ominous to England, and whose hereditary instincts it was most impolitic to revive. You seem not to know, that the despised Irish, whose heathenism you affected to bewail in terms of such contemptuous insolence, and maudlin sentiment, in your famous Pastoral to the Episcopal Dives of Durham, (meet recipient of so Evangelical a Homily) have millions of countrymen, and kindred, and friends, at this side of the Atlantic. The Archbishop of the Empire City, the rich capital of all America, is an Irishman. So is the Archbishop of St. Louis in the great valley of the Mississippi and the Archbishop of Cincinnati on the banks of the Ohio. The Bishops of Philadelphia, of Pittsburg, of Buffalo, of Arkansas and Texas, of Hartford in the North and Savannah in the South are all Irishmen. The Bishops of Boston, of Albany and other important sees are the sons, or the descendants of that noble Irish Nation which you have so shamefully insulted. And let me inform you, that the name of those venerable Prelates is their eulogy, and that not only by the zealous priests and faithful people who are ruled by their advice, and influenced by their opinions, are they respected and loved, but also by the most eminent citizens of all creeds in that mighty Republic. It is not necessary to remind you of the Irish Bishops, Priests and People in the colonial territories of England—of the Archbishop of Bengal in the East, or the Archbishop of Trinidad in the West Indies. At Bombay, at Madras, at Hyderabad; amongst the classic islands of Greece, as well as at the Pillars of Hercules; on the southern extremity of Africa, no less than in the vast plains of Australia; amidst the swamps of British Guiana, and the rocky coasts of Newfoundland, at Kingston on Lake Ontario and St. John's in the Bay of Fundy, at each, and all, you will encounter an IRISH BISHOP whose country you have derided, and what is still more galling, whose venerable Religion you have traduced, together with its illustrious Head.

You may commence, then, your intolerant warfare. But, every blow you strike, in your bigotrdice, at our unoffending Catholic Brethren in England, will re-echo through the world. The clanking of every new fetter you impose (if indeed our gigantic limbs have not long outgrown the hateful gyves which your littleness would forge) will ring through the Universe. You have welded us into a wall of brass, against which all the cannon of England, and all the thunderbolts of the world, will be directed in vain. You, the creature of yesterday, who, if you remembered the inglorious origin of your titles and your wealth, ought to have shrunk from all contact with the Catholic Church, as the murderer shrinks from the ghost of his victim,—you, who should remember that there are families in England unto whom sacrilegious rapine (60), political treachery, and hollow patriotism, have descended as an heirloom—you have dared to insult a Sovereign whose throne was established in the time-honoured reverence of the millions of Christendom for ten centuries before William the Norman waved his victorious banner over the field of Hastings; you have hurled your foul alliterations against the anointed Head of nearly Two Hundred Millions of spiritual subjects, a Prince, before whose glorious predecessors, a Constantine, a Clovis, and a Charlemagne, had bent in reverence; you have launched your impious edict against the holy Representative of that Fisherman of Galilee whom Nero crucified, but whose successor, after all the vicissitudes of time, the fall of dynasties, the wreck of nations—aye, and in spite of all the disgraceful machinations of your government—is still seated on the throne of the Cæsars. For many years past, your terrible policy has helped to convulse Europe, and to replunge it, with all its boasted civilization, into the darkest depths of barbarism. You have weakened the reverence for authority, disturbed the landmarks of social order, and poisoned the sources of all good government. You have, in other countries, encouraged principles, which, at home you repress, with the bullet and the bayonet, and which, if suffered to prevail in England, would not leave the Crown of our Beloved Sovereign worth a pin's fee. Spain and Portugal, for many long years, have been weeping tears of blood, which were expressed from their agonizing bosom, by your selfish and unchristian policy. In Sicily, which was always a paradise when compared to hapless Ireland, you excited the unfortunate people to rebel against their lawful Sovereign; and when they were suffering all the consequences of their outbreak, under the very muzzle of the British Cannon, the guns were silent. But you made yourself amends for this prudent policy, in presence of a French Fleet, by your magnificent conquest of Greece, and your cowardly attack on the character of the King of Naples and the peace of his fair Kingdom, and the reckless unscrupulous manner in which your mercenary press almost overwhelmed him with deliberate falsehoods—a press, whose satanic fury for the last three months has lowered the reputation of your country in the eyes of Europe, and, perchance, may force wise men to question, whether, after all, the invention of printing be not as great a scourge as a blessing to mankind. Having carned the malediction of Sicily for having deceived and betrayed her, you played the same treacherous game in Piedmont. The gallant but deluded Prince, whose hapless fate has excited all our sympathy, you drove to the brink of destruction, and having uncrowned him at Novara, you abandoned his country to the justice, or the mercy, of that ancient ally of England, whose friendship you had repaid by a truly "insolent and insidious" policy. Throughout the rest of Italy, including the Roman States, and not even excepting the mild government of the Duke of Tuscany, you have fanned the flame of civil war. In the Eternal City itself, when the Goths and Vandals of the nineteenth century were pointing their cannons against the majestic Temples of Religion, and the venerable seats of learning, you allowed the Representative of the United States to claim and secure, for his great country, the honour of protecting from destruction the noble College of Propaganda, whilst in the Via Condotti the then (alas!) degraded flag of England, which you were bound to save from such dishonour, was waving over the guilty heads of sacrilegious robbers, and skulking, cowardly assassins. Be assured that these things are well known, and deeply felt, by the Sovereigns whom you have insulted, and the people whom you have betrayed. Europe now knows too well the fearful spot whence are sped the deadly arms of revolt, as well as the poisoned arrows of calumny; where the dogs of war are kept in the leash ready to be unslipped, and the firebrand

(60) How generally true the pithy adage of St. Jerom: Omnis dives est injustus, vel hæres injusti!

foxes of anti-social infidelity are ready to be unloosed, that they may again run their desolating race, in whatever part of Europe may be selected for the wild freaks of your destructive and disastrous policy. And after having already brought home to almost every Court and Cottage in Europe all the horrors of civil strife, you must now, forsooth, get up another humiliating spectacle to degrade your country still further in the sight of the assembled world, and to feast the eyes of those whom you have so cruelly injured, by the ignominious and deplorable exhibition which you are so madly preparing. At a period, above all others, when the amiable and gifted Consort of our Beloved Sovereign is about to realize his noble conception of uniting the Universe in one bond of peaceful rivalry, and of teaching "tribes and tongues and people" by a closer intimacy, to recognize the lineaments of their common origin, and the interests of their common peace; at a time when our Gracious Queen herself is preparing to receive with regal hospitality the distinguished foreign personages who may be attracted by curiosity to visit her splendid metropolis; at such a moment, when every domestic quartel should be hushed, and every cause of intestine division removed, that those from afar might not spy the nakedness or weakness of the land—you, to the great injury of the exhibition, to the great embarrassment of the Sovereign, to the great and serious danger of the country, have sent out your mountebanks and Guys, with torch and halter, with stuffed Cardinals and fancy Popes, to herald your Wonderful Rival Exhibition, and to whet the appetites of the vulgar for your bombastic pantomime at Westminster, that quixotic tournament against ideal abstractions, and impalpable substances of the world of spirits, and imaginary windmills, and airy objects provokingly elusive of the legislative grasp, and internal opinions which no laws can ever reach, and deep convictions of conscience, which no human enactments can ever disturb!

These are austere reproaches, but you have extorted them yourself by your most extraordinary and unprovoked assault on the Head of the Catholic Church, on the tenets of the Catholic Religion, on the holy practices of its sincere professors. You have provoked them by your threats to England, and your unchristian, nay, barbarous attack on that Irish Nation, which is likely, before long, to add to the family another mock martyr, whose immolation will happily take place at the shrine of public opinion, and not on the ghastly platform of Tower Hill.

As a loyal subject of the Crown, whose allegiance is most disinterested,—as a Minister of Peace, who has always preached forbearance and loyalty, both by word and example,—as a Clergyman, who, though living in the midst of continual excitement, never joined any political association since the thirteenth day of April, 1829,*—as a citizen, who constantly desired, and fervently prayed, for the oblivion of all past animosities, and the most cordial and friendly feeling between all the inhabitants of the United Kingdom,—you have so shocked, and grieved and insulted the humble individual who thus addresses you, that, offering violence to his most cherished feelings, and, making one reluctant exception to the tenor of his life, with a loyalty which looks for no reward here but the consciousness of having performed a sacred duty, he ventures to claim the privileges of a British subject as well as yourself, and the inalienable right of self-defence against unjust aggression. And, he feels that he owes it to his country which you have maligned, to his creed which you have aspersed, to his Church which you have threatened, to his fellow subjects whom you have distracted, to his Sovereign whom you have embarrassed, and to the venerable Head of his Religion whom you have so irreverently and wickedly assaulted, to address you this open rebuke, to arraign you at the bar of public opinion, and to tell you before the world that your present accidental position gives you no right to violate all the courtesies of life, and all the charities of religion, in so impudent and disgraceful a manner. He further tells you that he enjoys at least one gratification in the performance of a task otherwise so painful, and that is, the consciousness he feels that the Holy Faith in which he was reared, and the Catholic "system" of Education which he received, have not, thank God, so far "debased his intellect, or enslaved his soul"* as to prevent him, either by impotence or slavish fear, from inflicting this well-merited chastisement on an offender so notorious—on his arrogance, his cruelty, and his folly. He will be more than rewarded, if the Evangelical liberty with which he thus admonishes you ("your late Parish Priest"(61) having given you up in despair) should induce you to respect more in future the rights and feelings of your unoffending neighbour.

No, Dearly Beloved Brethren, our calumniated Religion does *not* degrade the intellect, nor enslave the soul as this bitter enemy of the Church of God has so falsely asserted. Had he looked around him in his own country, he would have found there, as well as in every part of the world, the most indubitable proofs of the intellectual vigour and mental independence of the Catholic system. True, we are not permitted to remove the religious landmarks set up by Christ and his Apostles; when our reason is once convinced that God has spoken, we know that the noblest exercise of that limited faculty is to believe His unerring revelation Who is the infinite source of all truth and wisdom. In fundamental dogmas of Holy Faith we are, therefore, all on the same level; bishops, priests and people, the learned doctor, the most erudite scholar, as well as the young child who cons over its Catechism, or the hardy son of toil, who tells his evening beads in the simplicity of a pious heart, after the labour and burthen of the day, are all equal in this respect. To all are propounded, for their unwavering belief, those sublime and incomprehensible mysteries which God has revealed, and which it is not given to man to fathom, to dispute, or deny. Hence all rash and empty speculations are forbidden in the sacred region of Faith; but in all other sciences, in all the arts which embellish civilize, or adorn, who have made greater progress, or acquired more undying renown, than the children of the Catholic Church? Like the early Christians described by St. Cyprian, it is better for us to know how to die, than to dispute, for our Faith (62). The Liberty which we prize, is that true Liberty which, according to the great Doctor of the Gentiles, that genuine disciple of heaven who desired to know nothing but his crucified Lord, is a holy liberty to be found only in the True Church, in which the spirit of the Lord abides, for "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty." The ennobling liberty which we value, is that, one of the first constituents of whose divine essence, is exemption from sin. (63) We freely abandon to others, the liberty to offend God, and deny His clearest revelation; the liberty to calumniate, to insult, to oppress; the liberty to invade our neighbours possessions, to disturb their peace, and destroy their happiness; the liberty to frame articles and creeds and force them down the reluctant throats of those who are gravely assured at the same time that they are quite free; the liberty to forge sham-constitutions, and import them by fire and sword upon peoples and nations, whether they desire them or not; the liberty to interfere, with insulting arrogance and swaggering air, in the concerns of the whole world; the liberty to fasten a sinecure Church, gorged with the tears and blood of Christ's Poor, on an oppressed and impoverished nation; the liberty of giving a new version, a horrible travesty, of the Gospel Miracle at Naim, by shooting a poor widow's son at her own door for a few shillings tithe, and stripping a second desolate widow of her pot, and a third of her blanket, for sixpence of the same cruel and degrading impost; all those liberties, together with that of changing creeds thrice in a year, of abusing to-day what was reverenced yesterday, of promoting in other countries what in our own we resist unto death, and punish with imprisonment and exile; the liberty of domineering over a hapless Church, the creature and slave of the State, of lecturing her ministers and mangling her creeds by the ukases of small-minded laymen from official bureaus. We leave these to the taste or fancy of those prodigies

*The day when Catholic Emancipation was granted. Dr. Walsh had been previously a Member of the Catholic Association.

*Expressions applied to Catholicity in Lord John's Letter to the Bishop of Durham.

(61). Rev. Mr. Bennett.

(62) Sciebant mori: non sciebant disputare.

(63) Sola apud Deum Libertas est, non servire peccatis: Sola apud Deum nobilitas clarum esse virtutibus. S. Hieron.

of genius whose intellect has not been cramped by Roman fetters, and whose souls have not been debased by Roman civilization, whilst we shall proudly enjoy that glorious Liberty of the children of God, "the Liberty with which Christ hath made us free." And perhaps at no distant period, when another Spelman shall complete the appalling History and Fate of Sacrilege, by adding some more extinct houses to the long list of Retributive Justice, some other mind degraded by the "system" of Rome, and "the mummeries of superstition," might have the boldness to institute a comparison between the old monkish possessors, even of Woburn Abbey, and its subsequent noble inmates, and the temerity to assert, that on the score of intellect and utility, of learning and patriotism, the poor old Monks, with all their "mummeries," had borne off the palm.

Do not be surprised, Dearly Beloved Brethren, at this unusual warmth of sentiment and language, for this is a time when even the most timid should speak out in the cause of God and of His Holy Church. Whether we speak or be silent, it is impossible to please the canting Pharisees and crafty politicians of the day. The sly sinners, who would swindle us out of our constitutional rights because we are Catholics, can neither be conciliated nor appeased. Of this, we have, since recent demonstrations, given up all hope. Their deceptive notes are so varied and discordant that they can never harmonize. One time, these pestilent Catholics are naturally slavish and unfit for liberty; at another, they have arrived not only at Liberal fervour, but at intense Radical heat. Now, they are brutally ignorant, and are kept in that besotted state by their priests; and again, they are schooled into all kinds of dangerous knowledge by those same priests. They are priest-ridden to-day; to-morrow they are throwing off the sacerdotal yoke. This year the Catholics are quiet, peaceable, and deserve a fair share (which, however, they have never yet received) in the public offices of the country; before the close of the next, a shrill blast from the trumpet of intolerance calls upon all true Protestants to exclude them from all place and power, and to resist every encroachment of Rome. They have written their loyal sincerity, in their blood, on a hundred fields of battle, but they are still more suspected than the felon or the traitor. If we remain quiet, we are treated as cowards, and kicked and cuffed according to every caprice of our gracious masters. If we speak out in our own defence, straightway a senseless and brutal clamour is raised against us. If our priests go into society, or appear in public, to vindicate their principles, they are insulted and denied a hearing; if they stay at home, they are ignorant and shrink from discussion. If they abstain from politics and confine themselves to the preaching of the Gospel, their forbearance is repaid with insolence, and their zeal made a subject of ridicule; if they interfere in political concerns, as a great part of other Clergymen do, they are firebrands and disturbers, and our ears are stunned by the Protestant reclamations on every side. And thus does Bigotry pursue her ever-changing and inconsistent course of truth and falsehood, light and darkness, censure and praise. No matter what we do, it is impossible to please them. If patient, we are rudely struck upon the face; if we lift a word in our defence, we are to be trampled and spit upon. If we humbly sue, in the plaintive tones of the bondsman, for the smallest share of the many privileges accorded to our neighbours, we are scornfully laughed at for our impudence; if, in the voice and attitude of freemen, we ask our constitutional rights, and invoke the impartial protection of the Law, the cry of No Popery is raised, and all the dogs of war are let slip against us.

In fact, our case is so parallel, and our treatment so similar to that of the first Christians who endured the ordeal of Pagan persecution, that there are few words in the solemn, ponderous and overwhelming arguments of the Apology of Tertullian, which we might not use with propriety to cover our enemies with confusion, and to repel their senseless, inconsistent and savage assaults. (64)

The flippant calumniator who, some five years since, denounced the Religious Orders of our Church, those beautiful bulwarks of the citadel of truth and sanctity, whose learning and virtues form the splendid "variety" of "that gilded array" (65) with which the Queenly Spouse of Christ is invested; the cold and narrow soul of the literary pretender who had the hardihood to decry the noblest champions of civilization and science, the brilliant sons of St. Ignatius, those magnificent benefactors of mankind—this arch deceiver who when prostrate in the cold shade of famishing opposition bawled out so lustily against the iniquities and anomalies of the Irish Established Church, and gave promise of such righteous appropriations from the squandered property of the church and the poor, and never redeemed his word, cannot again impose upon the Irish people—will never be able, in time to come, to deceive or betray the Catholics of the Empire. Undaunted Ireland has spirit enough yet left, to spurn her coward calumniator; to deprive him of further opportunities of distracting the United Kingdom, and to consign this political Janus, who prepares in the same Session to fetter the Christian, and unbind the Jew, if not to all the obscurity which he so richly deserves, at least to the congenial platform of Exeter-Hall, where his great talents, enlightened toleration, and deep theological research, will set the galleries in a roar, and drive old women in spectacles into ecstacy. In that temple of discord and vituperation, he might soon attain the dignity of High Priest, and when the seething cauldron of bigotry and unchristian hate should decrease by evaporation, his powerful aid in supplying fresh materials might be requested by an unanimous resolution of all the discordant tribes and tongues—those models of christian truth and fraternal love—who congregate in that Tower of Babel.

Yes, Dearly Beloved Brethren, the cloven foot has been now exhibited, the serpent's fork has hissed in our ears, the wolf has shown his teeth, and the faithful flock justly alarmed for their safety, will flee for refuge beneath the pastoral crook of their vigilant and courageous guides. (66) In Ireland, in England, in Scotland, throughout every part of the Colonial Empire of Britain, the flock will be more closely united with their respective Pastors; and, whilst rendering in all things temporal, entire, undivided, and conscientious allegiance to a Sovereign whom they revere, they will, IN THE VOICE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS PIUS, ALWAYS RECOGNISE THE VOICE OF PETER, THE VOICE OF CHRIST. Standing, therefore, in one firm phalanx under the banner of the Cross, and with a stern determination worthy of the First Martyrs—for, to break or falter now would be disastrous—they will defeat their ancient foes; they will save christianity and civilization from the profane gibes of the infidel and the barbarian; they will save England herself from the disgrace which awaits her, if she should support any longer the new apostle of disunion, or continue that unholy warfare to which she has been summoned, with equal judgment and disinterestedness, by the haughty descendant of a subsidized Patriot.

To avert such calamities, Dearly Beloved Brethren, redouble your fervour and your supplications in the approaching Lent; and when you pray for England, as we have already requested, pray with confidence in the name of Christ Jesus, the Only atoning Mediator between God and man. Pray through the powerful intercession of that August Queen the Virgin Mother of God, who has been lately so much outraged by a blind populace who knew not what they did, when they insulted that Purest and

(64) Ita utrumque ex alterutro redarguimus, et ignorare illos dum oderunt, injuste odisse, dum ignorant..... Malunt nescire, quia jam oderunt, adeo quod nesciunt præjudicant id esse, quod si sciant, odisse non poterant: quando si nullum odii debitum deprehendatur, optimum utique sit desinere injuste odisse: si vero de merito constet, non modo nihil odii detrahatur, sed amplius acquiratur ad perseverantiam, etiam justitiæ ipsius auctoritate . . . Si certum est denique nos nocentissimos esse, cur a vobis ipsis aliter tractamur, quam pares nostri, id est, cætori nocentes? cum ejusdem noxæ eadem tractatio deberet intervenire . . . Civilis non tyrannica dominatio vestra est apud tyrannos enim tormenta etiam pro pœna adhibentur: apud vos soli quæstioni temperatur . . . Hoc primum agentes ut homines nollent scire pro certo quod se noscire pro certo sciunt. Ideo et credunt de nobis quæ non probantur, et nolunt inquiri, ne probentur non esse. Ideo torquemur confitentes, et punimur perseverantes, et absolvimur negantes, quia Nominis præmium est.

(65) Ps. xliv. 11. (66) Plus timeo dentes lupi quam virgam pastoris. S. Bernard de off. Episc. Non est tutum vicino serpente, somnum capere. Id. Ep. 242.

Most Exalted of Created Beings. Invoke the suffrages of St. Alban the First Martyr in Britain who died for that One Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Faith which is now so blasphemed. Pray through the intercession of St. George, that valiant Soldier of the Cross, whose proud Banner, which once waved gloriously over the children of the Faith, is now in danger of such dishonour. Pray through the intercession of the Martyred Winifred, that illustrious virgin daughter of Britain, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, whose Apostolic courage is so well reflected in the person of his most Eminent Successor. Pray that the veil of delusion may be taken away from the hearts of our dear brethren, the people of England, that the 'gates' of salvation may be 'opened' and that the 'just nation, keeping truth' may enter in' to the heavenly abundance of their Father's House; that 'the old error may pass away, and peace' be restored to those 'who have patiently waited for the Lord in the day of His judgments' that 'He may give them peace, for He has wrought' so many wonderful works for them' that they may 'seek after Him in distress' and that even in 'the tribulation of their' present 'murmuring His instruction may be with them; that as a woman with child, when she draweth near the time of her delivery is in pain, and crieth out in her pangs; so they may become in the presence of the Lord; that their dead men may live, and their slain rise again; that those who dwell in the dust may awake, and give praise,' through the 'lightsome dew' of Divine Grace; that this people of God may 'enter into the chambers' of their heart, and 'shut the doors' of the world and all human respect upon themselves, and 'hide themselves a little for a moment until the indignation pass away.' For, 'Thou hast been favourable to the nation O Lord, Thou hast been favourable to the nation. O Lord our God, OTHER LORDS besides Thee, have had dominion over *them*; but 'only in Thee let them remember Thy Name.'—(67)

Having addressed you at such length, Dearly Beloved Brethren, we hope it is unnecessary to remind you that in addition to fasting and prayer and penitential works, the holy season of Lent is also set apart for preparing ourselves to comply with the annual obligation of Confession and Easter Communion, as commanded by the Church, under the most grievous penalties, in the Fourth General Council of Lateran (68). We therefore briefly but earnestly beseech you not to neglect this important duty, lest you subject yourselves to the indignation of Almighty God and the heaviest censures of His Church. Dispose your souls, therefore, by holy retirement, self examination, and true compunction, to obtain the pardon of your gracious God to whom "an afflicted spirit is a sacrifice," (69.) "Go and show yourselves to the priest," (70) by a good confession that you may be cleansed from the leprosy of sin: for as the Holy Ghost assures us: "He that hideth his sins shall not prosper: but he that shall confess, and forsake them shall obtain mercy." (71) You will thus with purified minds worthily receive the precious Body and Blood of the Lord, in commemoration of his death, and as the nourishment of your souls to life everlasting. (72)

We will always therefore "bear about in our bodies the mortification of Jesus . . . that the life of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh."(73) We will "through the blood" of Christ, in his holy sacraments, "cleanse our conscience from dead works, to serve the living God." (74) And having fasted and suffered in imitation of our Lord and Redeemer, during the Forty Days that are approaching, we will deserve to arise at the great festival of Easter, to a new life, and to participate in the benefits of his Glorious Resurrection.

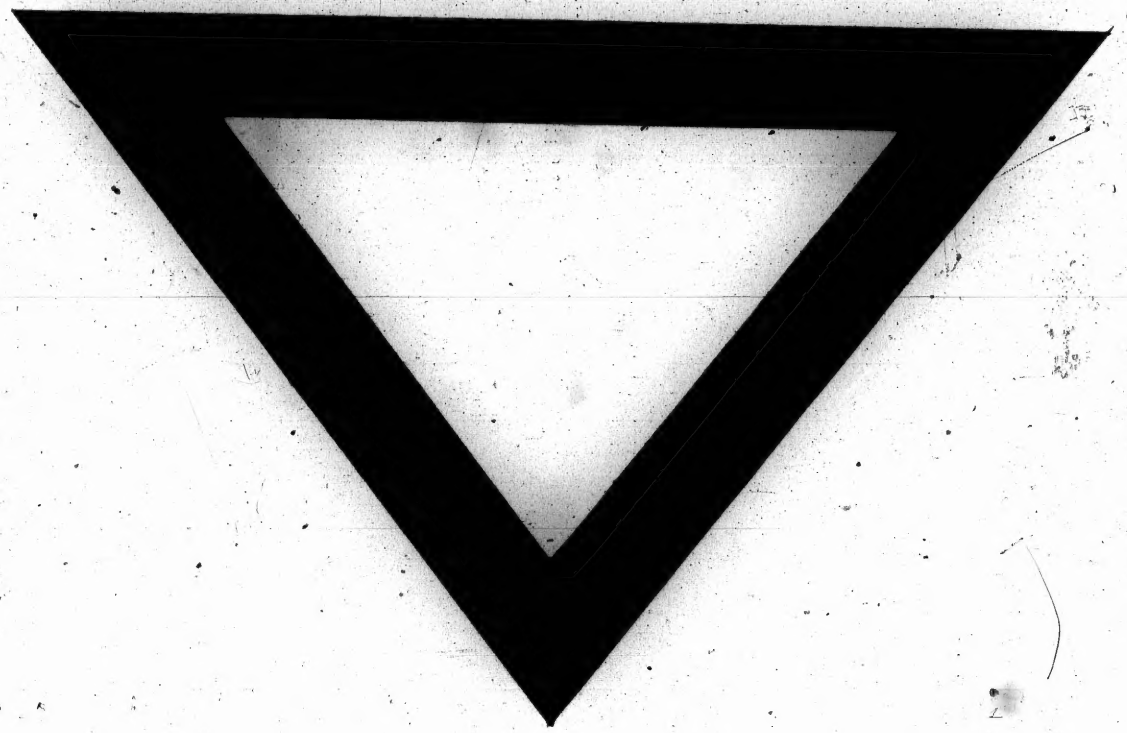
"Now the God of peace who brought again from the dead the great pastor of the sheep, our Lord Jesus Christ, make you perfect in every good work, that you may do his will; working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom is glory for ever and ever."

(67) Isai xxvi. passim.

(68) Canon. Omnis utriusque.
(69) Ps. 1.
(70) Mat. 8. 4—Luke xviii.14.
(71) Prov. xxviii. 12.
(72) John vi. 59.
(73) 2 Cor. ii. 10, 11. (74) Heb. ix. 14.

+WILLIAM, Bishop of Halifax

ST. MARY'S, HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, Septuagesima Sunday, 1851.

The Order of Observing Lent in the Diocess of Halifax.

1. Every week day in Lent is a Fast Day on one meal, and a collation.
2. By virtue of power delegated to him by the Holy See, the Bishop permits the use of flesh meat, at dinner only, on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, during Lent.
3. It is strictly prohibited to use fish and flesh meat at the same repast.
4. Eggs are forbidden on Ash Wednesday, Spy Wednesday, and Good Friday.
5. It is expected that some compensation will be made for the above indulgence, by more abundant alms to the poor, and the performance of other works of charity and mercy.
6. The Penitential Psalm, "Have mercy on me, O God," &c. (Ps. 50) and the Litanies of the Saints, will be read before Mass, on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent. Those who cannot attend Mass will cause those and other suitable devotions to be read in presence of their families.